



Winter Never Comes.



👁️ 54 ✅ 1 ⭐ 3

Chapter 1 by Sinister

This is the undeniable story about life. About love, and therefor the lack of both.

It's a story based on fictionally re-created non-fiction and the possible use of many hyphens and ellipses.... Hope-fully...

It all began when I was born. I was a churning amphibious monochromatic fetal ambiguity. (I never said anything about comma's)

I learned to read at the tender age of, Just before Jesus was dead.

I couldn't make sense of the hatred surrounding my world and the world surrounding others.

Nor could I comprehend why I was reading before I was even acknowledged as a stale drink taken late at some unknown bar near where the movie "Erin Brockovich" was actually made.

Something about bad water and even worse intentions. The story goes on... even without my consent, as most things tend to do. I was surrounded by light. But what is light without

darkness? If there was no alternative to represent the difference? Would we still call it light? Or would we all just have to let the imaginative idea of a "shine job for a pack of menthols" fade from "sight"?

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paragraphs or chronological or linear ordering. That's all Stephen Hawking shit and he steals my thoughts anyways, so what does it matter?

I mean... What do I mean? You understand me better than I do, don't you? Most people tend to do that. Your knowledge is always your treasure, and that's what tends to reciprocate hatred and jealousy which results in the creation of more words to understand things that are already simply explained. Racism? What is that? Is that the dislike of a person based on their representation of humanity by skin color, or is it actually something more? Who can say? Whoever makes up the next word to describe why HomeBroskie John Dislikes his Neighbor for having a better cut lawn, I suppose. Maybe they could make a reality show and call it, "Lawn and Order". You'd watch it, we both know.

Or we could take the time to do the Understanding thing. Which is? Who the fuck cares about that? That's too much work and Chipotle closes at 10. We're forced into an existence revolved around a scheme that we ourselves created. We simplify everything. Build machines... Look for loopholes. We face deficit problems throughout the world because machines... are just more efficient. So we seek to make life easier by making things harder. The algorithms involved mathematically. The feelings of the people we no longer have to worry about or their families feelings when they're out of work. We continue to impoverish our own selves for the "betterment" of humanity? Is that why we seek to gain our happiness back in ways that we also created but still justifiably consider "no bueno"? Drugs. Social Media. Tai Bo.

So let's ignore the fact that I don't care about any of that shit because I have lost most of the hope I had once for humanity. You're on your own as far as I care. But what's up with the insane amount of attention granted to "Reality" Television? We don't have enough reality of our own to focus on? Or are we just a bunch of ignorant, lazy, fall-in-line Soldier type of schmucks? I pick my nose at home without worry of anybody caring or sharing or posting my selfie. But then we pretend so much outside of our own personal entities that we worry about what everyone thinks the minute you step foot into the world that isn't your home. If its an apartment, it's even sooner. Because then you have to walk to your vehicle, or go down the stairs/elevator/sheets

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I do not know why snow is white, but I do find such white snow beautiful.
And that's why I can smile and mean it, while witnessing so many others smile without meaning.
But in the end, I can only assume the way that others can. The same way you can. You're all so very intelligent. Fix this world. Before it fixes itself.

Chapter 2 by Strawberrychan17



Bottles after bottles of my favourite wine littered my least favourite room in my apartment. Red eyes and tear stained tissues were the only company that joined me while I typed away at the laptop in a mad fury. Intoxicated.

Being in your thirties made you realize that since you were past that insanity of youth, you had very little to lose. I could sure dish it out against anyone at this point, but what was the point when you were all alone in a shitty apartment while your only love trapezes across the country on your paycheck? He sure was lucky, at least that's what my hazy mind told me. Intoxicated.

The only girl I could ever love was living on the floor above me. I wished I could break through the mental barriers of influence and society to help her. I should've gone up there and fucked her to sleep instead of letting her cry herself to sleep like she did every night. Intoxicated.

My mental state was worse than the mildew that needed to be washed off the walls of my shower. I was a filthy disgusting mess who was meant to die alone and that was why the only man who had ever truly said he had loved me to my face- well...he was exactly where he should be. Off in another world that had stolen his lust for me. Intoxicated.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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